

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1856.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—CATHERINE

HAYES.—JULLIEN'S CONCERTS, WEDNESDAY, Nov. 5.—M. JULLIEN has the honour to announce, that with the obliging consent and invaluable aid of Mr. Mitchell, he has succeeded in effecting an ENGAGEMENT for SIX NIGHTS with this renowned Cantatrice, being her first appearance in Europe since her return from an unprecedented artistic tour in Asia, Africa, and America, Australia, Peru, Mexico, the Brazil, the East and West Indies, the United States, Canada, and Russia. The burning Tropics and the cold North have confirmed her triumphs. To her natural endowments and artistic excellence she now arrives with a rich store of National Melodies, Italian, French, Spanish, German, Dutch, Irish, English, and Scotch. At the INAUGURATION CONCERT, on WEDNESDAY, Nov. 5, she will sing an Italian Cavatina, a French Air, and an Irish and Scotch Melody. In announcing this engagement M. Jullien is glad to say that the support he is receiving from all quarters will not render necessary any increase to the price of admission; promenade, 1s., as usual, and boxes, from 10s. 6d., a guinea, and upwards.

ROYAL SURREY GARDENS COMPANY (Limited).

All persons having any claims or demand against this Company are requested to forward the amount thereof to the Officers of the Company, Penton-place, Waltham, on or before Saturday, the 8th November, 1856.
30th October, 1856. (By Order) WILLIAM ELLIS, Secretary.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that

she will return to London on the 4th inst. All communications for engagements and Lessons to be addressed to 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. W. WINN will arrive in Town for the Season on

Monday next, the 3rd November. All communications to be addressed to his residence, 35, Argyle-street, Argyle-square.

WILBYE COOPER (Tenor), 93, Park-street, Grosvenor-

square, Teacher of Singing.

MR. NEATE, finding it generally reported that on his

removal to Brighton he had quitted his profession, begs to announce to his friends that he continues to give INSTRUCTION on the PIANOFORTE, and resides at 5, St. Margaret's-place, Cannon-place.

MR. BENEDICT begs to announce to the Nobility, his

friends, and pupils, he will return to Town for the Season on the 8th of November. All letters to be addressed to his residence, 2, Manchester-square, or to Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MR. AND MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg

to inform their Patrons, Pupils, and Friends, that they have removed to 24, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, where, in future, they will hold their Guitar, Concertina, and Flute Classes, and give instruction.
July 17th, 1856.

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REMOVAL.—MR. TRUST, Organist of St. Mary's

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In offering this new arrangement of all the Overtures of Beethoven to the musical public, we beg leave to state that we have been induced to publish it, it being generally admitted that none of the previous arrangements have fully satisfied the musical connoisseur. Most of the arrangements were published soon after the overtures were composed; but since that period the Pianoforte has undergone such alterations and improvements, both in compass and tone, that the effect produced by the earlier arrangements on a Pianoforte of the present day is that of an incorrect translation of the original composition. For instance, the tremolando movement was frequently introduced to represent certain orchestral effects, but on a modern Pianoforte would be most laborious and ineffective. Nor is the tremolando the most satisfactory mode of expressing passages of orchestral force, for it often gives tiring noise instead of intelligible sounds. Moreover, in some of the former arrangements the positions of the different instruments have often been reversed, in order to render the execution easier, thereby completely altering the character of the composition.

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NATIVE TALENT.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I wonder whether the war will clear the air generally like a great thunderstorm, and whether we are to reap anything else from the harvest of death but a better *military* organisation? Surely we shall ill have learnt our dreadful lesson, if prejudices and mistakes be not plucked up on all sides, and given to the winds. Let other commissions sit beside those inquiring into the motives and conduct of commissariat and cavalry officers; and, above all, let us look at the state of the musical profession, and see if the right men *there* are in the right places. We are for ever prating about the blessings of the universal language, and treat with cold disdain those of our countrymen whose mission it is to be the organs and exponents of the art we value. I speak of the chances an English artist has relatively to an Italian in this country. The latter leaves his native Florence or Milan, but the genial sunshine of encouragement is sure to greet him. He trades on our folly and infatuation for eight or ten years, and retires to some expensive villa, bequeathing us the echoes of "Il mio tesoro," "Ah te, o cara," and perhaps a dozen such strains which made him a *Cresus*. Of course every good workman is worthy his hire, but have we no home-made articles worth at least a fraction of this enormous outlay? What encouragement do the Wesleys, Horsleys, Elveys of our day receive? Possibly a grudging trial once during their lives at Birmingham, or some provincial festival. If it be answered "They failed," I say that Verdi, Donizetti, etc. have failed scores of times, but the magic of a foreigner's name is omnipotent, and a Briton, to stand a good chance with his countrymen, must "forget his father and his father's house." Mr. Hatton must call himself Czapek, and Kelly, to draw houses, become Zuchelli. I cannot think it an ill-natured spirit of rivalry which at this hour is rife among our musicians, who witnessed the royal auspices which ushered in M. Costa's new oratorio. Art should be welcomed from *any* source, and I would merely claim for my countrymen that fair proportion of patronage which any well-directed effort of their own should at once gain at the hands of the powerful and wealthy.

I can point at once to a man who, with a true love of his art, regards his position as a mission to instruct, elevate, and enlighten. Mr. Hullah is no money-seeker,—his hall is a city of refuge for our own neglected musicians. The *Emmanuel* of Leslie, fortunately, has not become waste-paper, and better and higher efforts on his part, we doubt not, will be recognised by "the great unconscious democrat." This is very cheering. We have at least one man who is not ashamed of his brethren.

In the height of the season, the toil-worn, jaded mechanic could pay his shilling, and be initiated into the sad glories of the *Requiem*, or the more joyous tones of the *Choral Fantasia*. And it is cheering to see such men as Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and other celebrities, taking part in making music catholic as it should be. I do not believe, sir, the Society of British Musicians to be so contaminating as it is represented, and rejoice to see Leslie, Waley, etc., play and conduct in public without thinking it incumbent on them to drop, *pro tem*, their own, and adopt a more melodious Tuscan appellation. There is a false shame of publicity as well as a manly reserve, but if gentlemen can sing and play, let them do so by all means. If Hunt and Millais were to bury their talents in a napkin, and invite the criticism of a favoured few, we should call out against such moral cowardice, and question the good of an Academy and Associates. So let us be fair, and honour all artists, genuine artists, alike. The Augustan age for music will be, when it shall have become a regular branch of education,—when it will be a reflection on a man who refuses to take his part in a glee, chorus, or dainty madrigal, as it was in the days of good Queen Bess. Depend on it, sir, if the "right man were in the right place," we should put an end to godless choristers and licentious Italians, and the enormous sums squandered on foreigners be judiciously and fairly distributed among home-bred songsters.

PHILOMUSICUS.

[We cannot say we clearly understand the entire drift of our correspondent's letter. Englishmen, when they have talent, are no less appreciated than foreigners. The Italian who sings "Il mio tesoro," is not rated higher, nor paid more, than the tenor who sings Balfé's "Good night, beloved." The estimation in which Mr. Sims Reeves is held, and the large sums paid him, is proof of this. The outcry against Italian composers by British musicians is a narrow-minded prejudice. Donizetti was one of the most accomplished writers of his country, and the almost universal reputation of Verdi is not altogether owing to fortuitous circumstances and popular caprices. We have invariably "taken up the cudgels" for our native artists, and shall continue to do so—but not at the expense of real foreign talent.—ED.]

HINTS FOR THE ST. GEORGE'S HALL COMMITTEE.

(From the Liverpool Northern Daily Times.)

THE following are two letters, selected at random from some dozens which have been sent to Mr. W. T. Best, the talented organist of St. George's Hall, which we have borrowed, for publication, to show how difficult it is to suit the varying and various tastes of the public. In our humble opinion the arrangements for the organ concerts in St. George's Hall could not be improved in any respect, except, perhaps, the placing of cushions on the seats: and, as the concerts are so universally popular, we trust, that (for the present, at least,) Mr. Best will select his programmes with the taste and tact he has always displayed, and that the committee will be content to "let well alone." With these preliminary observations, we print the before-mentioned letters—*verbatim et literatim* :—

Primrose House, North Shropshire, Aug., 1856.

Amelia. Emily, have you heard the organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool?

Emily. No, I have not as yet; but I wish very much to have that pleasure. Have you?

Amelia. No, I have not; but I am as anxious as you to hear the instrument, and should have before this, only it is played at VERY INCONVENIENT times for us country folks!

Emily. Why, when are the days—every week?

Amelia. Monday evenings, AFTER the LAST train from Birkenhead for this part of the world! so that one should have to stick all night at an Inn unless one had some hospitable mortal to take one in, and give one tea, bed, and breakfast! The organ is also played on Saturday's about three o'clock.

Emily. Well, that's an awkward day, unless one is on a visit, and there is no chance for me, for I have no acquaintance in that locality.

Amelia. Nor have I. I shall, therefore, put our conversation on paper, and send the document to Mr. Best!

Emily. Amelia! you don't say so!

Amelia. I do. Frederick, dear, just write our conversation down, and post it to Mr. Best.

Frederick. Oui, sissy, with pleasure; and shall I say you have fallen in love with Best?

Amelia. I never saw him; and perhaps he is already married. I have heard he plays charmingly. Tell him to play on Mondays at two or three o'clock, or some days besides Saturday's.

Frederick. Well, here goes! Shall I say "my dear Best," "your affectionate Amelia."

Amelia. Not quite that, Freddy. Give him a hint about the organ, which I hope he will take.

SIR,—In reference to the Thursday night concerts, I have to suggest (with all due deference) an alteration in the selection of pieces, which I conscientiously believe would add greatly to the popularity, and also increase the attendance ten-fold. On my last visit, there were five performances played, and, I am grieved to say, not one of them was known to the majority of the audience. Indeed, so convinced am I of what I state, that it was fully confirmed by my observing some people asleep in my own vicinity. The concert I refer to was on the 25th of September, and you yourself may remember that about sixty persons left after the third piece, and after the last but one I thought the remainder of those left were going to clear out. I was fortunate in hearing various remarks which fell from various groups as they left the Hall, and which convinces me that they will not be frequent visitors; and, in order to obviate this, I would propose that the programme be arranged to please the million, and that can only be done by hearing at least two pieces out of the five with which they are acquainted, which would at the same time fully develop the powers, &c., of the organ. Allow me to submit to you one or two lists which I am satisfied would have the effect of filling the Hall, of gratifying you, and add considerably to the Corporation coffers. I have ample proof of what I state, from what I have heard in private families. Thus: "We were at the concert on Thursday evening, but mamma and I were much disappointed, and I shall have some difficulty in persuading her to go any more. Mamma was told that Mr. Best played 'Down among the Dead Men,' 'Home, sweet Home,' 'God save the Queen,' and such as those; and what was her chagrin when he never gave one of them, nor any other of a familiar style!" The favourite tunes are so numerous, that

a programme might be arranged, introducing national and other airs, which would have that desirable effect before referred to.

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| <p>1st Proposal.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Angel's Whisper. 2 Selections from Sonnambula. 3 Duke of York's March. 4 Yankee Doodle. 5 See the Conquering Hero Comes. <p>2nd.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Overture: William Tell. 2 War March. 3 Scotch Airs. 4 Down among the Dead Men. 5 God save the Queen. <p>3rd.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Now by Day's retiring Lamp. 2 Marshellaise. 3 Home, sweet Home. 4 On yonder Rock reclining. 5 Death of Nelson. | <p>4th.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Selections from Norma. 2 Ship on Fire. 3 Angel's Whisper. 4 Duke of York's March. 5 Donnybrook Fair. <p>5th.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Overture: Tancredi. 2 Life on the Ocean Wave. 3 Irish Airs. 4 Ivy Green. 5 King of the Cannibal Islands. <p>6th.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Fisherman's Chorus: Massanello. 2 Angel's Whisper. 3 Rob Roy's March. 4 Meet me by Moonlight. 5 All is Lost Now. |
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The foregoing are those only which will catch the ear, thrill the senses, and chain the continued attention of a Thursday night's audience, which are composed principally of the industrious classes, clerks, and others, who require something to cheer and exhilarate. I, at the same time, admit that the company, on the other two evenings, being of a superior class, are at no loss to comprehend or appreciate difficult and fine music. I must conclude by saying that I echo the minds of the Thursday night audience; and, hoping my good intention may be properly received, I remain, your obedient servant,
Liverpool, 7th October, 1856. GEO. WILSON.

THE LIFE & CHARACTERISTICS OF BEETHOVEN

BY DR. HEINRICH DÖRING.

(Translated from the German for *Dwight's Journal*.)

(Continued from p. 679.)

WITHOUT over-valuing himself, Beethoven was so little free from artist pride, that he easily lent a willing ear to a friend's suggestion, that the celebrated Clementi, who had been but a short time in Vienna, ought to pay him the first visit. So they only learned to know each other, by sight, without coming into closer contact. It frequently happened that Clementi, with his pupil, Klengel, and Beethoven with Ries, sat at one and the same table at dinner at the Swan. They all knew one another, but neither spoke with the other or so much as greeted him. The two pupils had to imitate their masters, since each was probably threatened with the loss of lessons. Ries, at all events, would have suffered that loss, since Beethoven never knew a middle course.

A deeper and more painful impression than this constraint, to which he had been obliged to submit himself, was left in Ries's memory by an incident in which the often-mentioned sensitiveness in Beethoven's character was manifested in a high degree. One day when he played to his scholar his Sonata in C major, the latter was so delighted with the great Andante in F major, then included in it, but which Beethoven afterwards separated from that Sonata and published as an independent piece, that he urged his teacher until he repeated it. On his way home, which led him past the house of Prince Lichnowsky, Ries went in to tell him of the new and splendid composition of Beethoven. He was earnestly entreated to play over all he recollected of the piece. As more and more of it recurred to him, the Prince compelled him to repeat it once more, and the result was, that he also learned a part of it. In order to surprise Beethoven, the Prince went to him the next morning, and said he had composed something, which he thought was not so bad. In spite of Beethoven's distinct avowal that he did not wish to hear it, the Prince sat down at the piano and played, to Beethoven's astonishment, a large part of the Andante. Whereupon the composer was so angry, that he declared he would never play again if his pupil Ries were present. Many times he desired him to leave the room. One day, when a little company, to which Beethoven and Ries belonged, breakfasted with Prince Lichnowsky at eight o'clock in the morning, after a concert in

the Augarten, it was proposed to go over to Beethoven's house, to hear his as yet unperformed opera, *Leonora*. Arrived there, Beethoven, in the most decided way demanded that his scholar, Ries, should withdraw; Ries, with tears in his eyes, since the most pressing entreaties of all present were of no avail, complied. Prince Lichnowsky went after him, and begged him to wait in the ante-room, which the young man's wounded sense of honour would not permit. As he afterwards learned, the Prince had been provoked at Beethoven's conduct, had reproached him most severely, and reminded him that nothing but enthusiasm for his works had given occasion to the whole affair, and consequently to his wrath. But the representation had no effect, but to prevent Beethoven playing any more in company at all.

He was seized with a very melancholy mood at the thought of the cold reception of one of his master works, the opera of *Fidelio*. He charged it to the cabals of the not small number of his enemies. But the time chosen for its production was exceedingly unfavourable, since the French troops had just then occupied (1805) the imperial city. All the friends of music and the more wealthy portion of the population had fled from Vienna. The theatre was filled mainly with French officers. What Beethoven's friend, Stephen von Breuning, said of the opera itself and its production, in a letter from Vienna, June 2, 1806, to his brother-in-law Dr. Wegeler in Coblenz, deserves a place here.

"I promised you," he writes, "so far as I remember, to tell you something of Beethoven's opera, and I will keep my promise. The music is the most beautiful and perfect one can hear. The subject is interesting. It represents the deliverance of a prisoner through the fidelity and courage of his wife. But in spite of all that, nothing has caused Beethoven so much vexation as this work, whose worth the future only will appreciate. In the first place, the opera was given seven days after the entrance of the French troops, a most unfavourable moment. Naturally the theatres were empty, and Beethoven, who at once remarked some imperfections in the handling of the text, withdrew the pieces after the third performance. When things had got back to their old order, he and I took it up again. I recast the entire libretto for him, so that the action became more lively and more rapid. Beethoven shortened many pieces, and it was then brought out three times with the greatest applause. But now his enemies were active in the theatre, and since he had offended several persons, particularly in the second representation, they prevailed so far that the opera has not since been given. Already they had placed many difficulties in his way, and this one circumstance may serve as a proof of the rest: that at the second representation he did not succeed in getting the opera announced with the title changed to *Fidelio*, as it is called in the French original, and as it has been printed since the alterations were made. Contrary to every promise, the first title, *Leonora*, stood upon the show-bills. The cabal is the more unpleasant for Beethoven, since through the non-performance of the opera, out of whose receipts he was to be paid a per-centage, he will recover himself the more slowly; the treatment he has suffered has destroyed a great part of his taste and love for the work. I perhaps have given him more joy than anybody, since, without his knowing it, both in November and in the performance at the end of March, I had a little poem printed and distributed through the theatre."

Beethoven's friends thought his opera would gain by curtailments. The progress of the action was too slow and dragging. Before the renewed performance in the year 1807, a meeting was held to take counsel on that matter. The circle was composed, besides the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky, who was a distinguished pianist, of the poet von Collin and Stephen von Breuning, both of whom had already spoken about shortening the opera, the tenor Röck, the basso Meyer, and lastly Beethoven himself, who at the outset defended every bar. With his excitable nature his rage knew no bounds, when a general opinion was expressed that whole pieces must come out. The aria of Pizarro had its peculiar difficulties for the singer, which Beethoven felt himself finally, and promised to compose a new aria. Prince Lichnowsky at length carried him so far that he consented to have several single pieces left out, but only by way of experi-

ment, in the next performance, since they had failed once to produce effect; they could afterwards be re-inserted or used elsewhere. Beethoven yielded after long persuasion; but the crossed-out pieces, among which were a duet in 9-8 time for two sopranos, and a terzet in 3-4 time, were never sung again upon the stage.

Greatly occupied and in often-changing humour, Beethoven had for a long time discontinued his correspondence with his early friend, Dr. Wegeler, in Coblenz. It was the 2nd of May, 1810, when he again gave him some account of his situation. In the opening of his letter, written in no cheerful mood, he excused himself for his long silence. "My good old friend," wrote Beethoven, "I can almost think my lines will cause you some astonishment. And yet, although you have had no proofs in writing, I still hold you always in the liveliest remembrance. For a couple of years past all still and quiet life has ceased with me. And yet I have formed no conclusion therefor, perhaps rather the contrary. Who can escape the influence of the outward storms? Yet I were happy, perhaps one of the happiest of men, had not the demon taken up his abode in my ears. Had I not read somewhere that a man ought not voluntarily to depart from this life so long as he can yet do one good deed, I long since should have been no more, and that through myself. O how beautiful is life! For me, however, it is for ever poisoned!"

The motive of the request contained in this letter, to send him his certificate of baptism, is obscure. "Whatever expenses there may be," he wrote, "as Stephen von Breuning has an account with you, you can be made good at once, since I will pay him all here immediately. Should you yourself think it worth the pains to investigate the matter, and should you be pleased to make the journey to Bonn, charge all to me. One thing is to be considered, namely, that there was still a brother of earlier birth before me, who likewise was called Ludwig, but with the addition of Maria, but who is dead. To determine my precise age, this also must be found, since I know well enough that an error in regard to it has arisen through others, they making me out older than I was. Alas! I have lived a good while without knowing how old I am. I had a stranger's register, but it is lost. Do not be offended if I commend this matter to you very warmly, namely, to find out the Ludwig Maria and the present Ludwig, who came after him. The sooner you send me the baptismal certificate, the greater my obligation."

In striking contrast with this letter, in which Beethoven's discontent and weariness of life had risen to a purpose of self-murder, from which only his moral sentiment restrained him, was one written about three months later (Aug. 11, 1810). With enthusiasm Beethoven described in this letter the impression of a visit, with which Bettina, the sister of the poet, Clemens Brentano, and afterwards wife of the writer Achim von Arnim, had not long before surprised him.

"No Spring was ever fairer than this year's," wrote Beethoven. "That say I, dearest Bettina, and I feel it too, since I have made your acquaintance. You must have seen that in company I am like a frog on the sand; he waltzes round and cannot get way, until some benevolent Galatea tosses him again into the great sea. Yes, I was really high and dry, dearest Bettina. I was surprised by you in a moment when despondency was wholly master of me. But verily, it vanished at the sight of you. I would have it, that you were of another world, and not of this absurd one, to which one cannot, with the best will, open his ears. I am a wretched man, and mourn over others! This you will pardon me with your good heart, which looks out of your eyes, and your understanding, which lies in your ears. At least, your ears know how to flatter when they listen. My ears, alas! are a partition wall, through which I cannot easily have any friendly communication with men. Otherwise perhaps I should have confided more to you. As it was, I could only understand the great wise look of your eyes, and that has assured me I shall never more forget it. Dear Bettina! Dearest girl! Art! Who understands it! with whom can one speak about this great goddess? How dear to me are the few days when we chatted together, or rather corresponded! I have kept all the little cards on which your clever, your dear, dearest answers stand. And so I have to thank my bad eyes, that the

best part of those flying conversations were written down. Since you have been away, I have had painful hours, shadow hours, in which one can do nothing. I ran round, indeed, at three o'clock in the alley at Schönbrunn, and on the ramparts, after you were gone. But no angel met me there, who would have exorcised me like thee, angel. Pardon, dearest Bettina, this departure from the key. Such intervals I must have, to air my heart. And you have written to Goethe about me—is it not true? O that I might stick my head into a bag, where I could hear and see nothing of all that is going on in the world, because, dearest angel, I shall not meet thee in it. But then I shall receive a letter from you! Hope nourishes me—she nourishes half the world, and I have had her for a neighbour all my life. Else what would have become of me; I send here, written with my own hand: *Kennst du das Land*, &c., as a memorial of the hour when I first learned to know you. I send also the other song which I have composed since I took leave of thee, dear, dearest heart:

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben,
Was bedrängst dich so sehr?
Welch ein fremdes, neues Leben!
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.

"Yes, dear Bettina, you must answer me that. Write me what the matter is (*was es geben soll*) with me, since my heart has become such a rebel."

The impression which the talented Bettina had made upon Beethoven, and especially upon his heart, lasted a long time. On the 11th of February, 1811, he wrote: "I have now two letters from you, dear Bettina. Your first letter I have carried about with me the whole summer, and it has often made me happy. If I do not write to you so often, and you see nothing of me, yet I write you a thousand times a thousand letters in my thoughts. How you are situated there amongst the world's rabble in Berlin, I could not conceive if I had not read it from you. A great deal of twaddle about art, without deeds! The best description of that is found in Schiller's epigram: 'The Rivers', where the Spree speaks."

In congratulating his friend on her approaching marriage, Beethoven adds a reflection on his own condition. "You marry, dear Bettina, or it is already done. I have not seen you once before. Then to you and to your husband flow all the happiness with which wedlock blesses the wedded! What shall I tell you of myself? 'Lament my fate!' I exclaim with Schiller's Joan. If I can only rescue a few more years of life, I will thank the Highest, the All-in-Himself-including, therefor, as for all weal or woe. If you write of me to Goethe, seek out all the words which can express to him my inmost reverence and admiration. I am just thinking of writing to him myself, on account of the *Egmont*, to which I have set music, and indeed purely out of love for his poems, which make me happy. Who can thank enough a great poet, the precious jewel of his nation? But no more now, dear, good Bettina. I came home this morning about four o'clock from a bacchanalian party, where I was forced to laugh a great deal, only to weep as much almost to-day. Intoxicating joy often drives me violently back upon myself. I kiss thee on thy forehead, dear Bettina, and impress therewith, as with a seal, all my thoughts for thee."

In a later letter to Bettina Beethoven placed artistic worth higher than rank, titles, and other outward distinctions. He had been led to these reflections by his meeting with Goethe in Teplitz. He wrote from there to Bettina in August 1812: "Kings and Princes can indeed make professors and privy councillors, and hang about them titles and orders; but they cannot make great men, minds which stand out above the common rabble. That they must let alone, and they must hold us in respect when two such come together as I and Goethe. Then even Majesty must mark what can pass for great with one of us. Yesterday on the way home we met the whole imperial family. We saw them coming from a distance, and Goethe made himself free from my side, to place himself on the side of the walk. Say what I would, I could not bring him a step further! I pressed my hat upon my head, buttoned my overcoat, and went with arms down through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and courtiers opened to right and left. Duke Rudolph

took off his hat; the lady Empress greeted me first. The dignitaries knew me. I saw, to my true amusement, the procession defile past Goethe. He stood, hat in hand, profoundly bowing, at the side. Then I took him to task. I gave him no pardon, and I reproached him with all his sins, especially those against you, dearest Bettina! We had just been speaking of you. God! could I have had as much time with you as he, believe me, I would have produced more, much more, that is great. A musician is also a poet; he can feel himself suddenly transported by a pair of eyes into a fairer world, where grander spirits play with him, and moved to noble plans. What thoughts came into my head when I first learned to know thee, on the observatory here during the splendid May shower! It was a right fruitful one for me too; the most beautiful themes slipped from your looks into my heart, which were one day to ravish the world, when Beethoven should no more direct! God grant me yet a couple of years, for I must see thee again, dear Bettina! So demands the voice which always carries the point in me. Spirits, too, can love one another; I shall always woo yours. Your approbation is the dearest thing in the world to me. I have told Goethe my opinion, how applause operates on one of us, and that one wants to be heard with the understanding by one's equals. Emotion is only fit for ladies—pardon me. With a man music must strike fire out of his soul. Ah, dearest child, how long it is already that we have been of one opinion about everything! Nothing is good but to have a beautiful, good soul, whom one recognizes in all things, and before whom one need not hide oneself. One must be something if one would *appear* something; the world must recognize a person; it is not always unjust. That to be sure is no concern to me, since I have a higher aim. The Duke of Weimer and Goethe wished that I would perform some of my music. I refused both. I do not play to their perverse whims. I do not make absurd stuff at the common expense, with princely ones, who never discharge that sort of debts. Thy last letter, dear Bettina, lay a whole night on my heart, and there quickened me. Musicians take all liberties."

(To be continued.)

A PAPER ON THE ANALOGY EXISTING BETWEEN MUSICAL SCALES AND COLOURS.

BY GEORGE B. ALLEN, MUS. BAC., OXON.

THAT there is an analogy existing between scales and colours the ancients must have felt when they named one scale the *chromatic*—that is coloured: but *why* is not clear. Bacon says, "The pleasure of colour symbolizes with the pleasure of any single tone; but the pleasure of order symbolizes with harmony." Now in what sense are we to understand "tone?" Certainly not in its technical sense. If he means that a single sound represents a colour, he is, without doubt, wrong. But if he means, "The pleasure of colour symbolizes with the pleasure of a series of single tones (i.e. melody)," he has discovered the true analogy between colours and sounds.

Since his time many have endeavoured to prove that the *melody* of a scale agrees with the *harmony* of colours. Field, in his "Chromatics," arranges the scale thus—

Blue	Purple	Red	Orange	Yellow	Green	Green
Do	Re	Mi	Fa	Sol	La	Si

and proves the analogy by the following:—As the three primary colours, blue, red, yellow, in combination, or contrast, produce the most perfect harmony, so do the sounds, Do, Mi, Sol. The metrochord and the monochord also prove their exact agreement. By this first instrument we discover that in pure white light there are eight degrees of blue, five of red, and three of yellow. And by the latter that eight parts of a string will give Do, five Mi, and three Sol. This agreement is curious, and proves the existence of some universal law of harmony, but not that any single sound represents a certain colour. This is impossible, because musical sounds are not fixed. Do is not a stationary sound, but may be raised or lowered at pleasure. Again, if scales were coloured according to this order, they would be all alike. Now that each scale has its own peculiar character, and that a piece of music composed in one key loses effect when transposed into another, has always been felt by musicians. There are some, however, whose organization is so imperfect that they cannot perceive this; and therefore they maintain that as the present pitch is a tone above what it was in Handel's time, we ought now to raise the music of that day a tone to obtain the effect the composers intended; and, that if there

were any difference in keys, it must be the fault of the tuning. But this is not so. It does not matter what sound we take for the note we call Do. Let a piano be tuned (on the equal temperament of course) correctly from that sound, and each scale will have its character.

This character I would call its COLOUR.

And truly there is a wonderful analogy between scales and colours. The analogy is between *each scale* and a *single colour*.

Thus the scale of Re is gold, or yellow, the grandest of all colours; the scale of La is blue, the most placid and ethereal of all colours; the scale of Fa pink; the scale of Mi emerald green; and so on. In other words, we may say that the scales of Mi, La, etc., produce upon the sensorium, through the medium of the ear—effects similar to those which are produced on it by the colours of green, blue, etc., through the medium of the eye.

The major scales, with the exception of Do and Sol, correspond to the primary and secondary colours, and are here tabulated:—

MAJOR SCALES.

Do	...	White (tertiary).
Do sharp (or Re flat),	...	Intense Crimsonish Purple (secondary).
Re	...	Yellow (primary).
Re sharp (or Mi flat),	...	Crimson (secondary).
Mi	...	Emerald Green (secondary).
Fa	...	Pink (primary, merely a pale shade of red).
Fa sharp (or Sol flat),	...	Sweet Blueish Purple (secondary).
Sol	...	Grey (tertiary).
Sol sharp (or La flat),	...	Purple (secondary).
La	...	Blue (primary).
La sharp (or Si flat),	...	Red (primary).
Si	...	Orange (secondary).

According to this theory, we perceive only modulation is necessary in music. In painting were we to dash on one colour after another, without softening down, or blending them, the effect would be barbarous. But occasionally we may at once oppose two colours, whose combination would form a pleasing tint, or which would produce an agreeable contrast. So it is in music. We can go from one key to any other we please, by modulating with tact; but we leap at once from a key to its dominant, or subdominant, though not always with the same happy effect. On a careful examination of the major scales, we see why this is. The contrast is so much more delicious between the colours of some scales than others. Thus the scale of Re is yellow, and its dominant La is blue. The scale of Mi is emerald green, and its dominant Si is orange—both delightful contrasts; but there is no contrast between the scale of Si flat (red), and Fa (pink), because they are merely different shades of the same colour.

The minor scales are all analogous to the tertiary colours.

Two of the primaries make a secondary, and two secondaries make a tertiary: consequently, in each tertiary we have the three primaries; but their colour depends on their relative proportions, and their varieties are infinite. By a mixture of orange and green, we have citrine; of orange and purple, russet; of green and purple, olive. The minor scales are, therefore, of a sad, sombre hue; but what is very remarkable, we have no decided black scale. The nearest approach to it is Sol minor; but it is a rich, warm, deep colour, more nearly approaching brown than black. May we not account for this by the supposition that music and flowers were created as a source of delight and recreation, and hence the banishment of so mournful a hue from both!

In minor keys, the colours of their major and their relative major scales predominate. In Re minor, for instance, yellow, the colour of Re major, and pink, the colour of Fa major, are the predominant colours, and, mixed with a little blue, make a rich citrine. In Mi minor, the green of its major, mixed with a little grey, its relative major, makes a cold sombre green. And so on. The following is their table:—

MINOR SCALES.

Do	...	Brown (tertiary).
Do sharp (or Re flat),	...	Warm Russet (tertiary).
Re	...	Citrine (tertiary).
Re sharp (or Mi flat),	...	Warm Russet (tertiary).
Mi	...	Cold Greyish Green (tertiary).
Fa	...	Purpleish Russet (tertiary).
Fa sharp (or Sol flat),	...	Purpleish Russet (tertiary).
Sol	...	Rich Warm Brown, nearly black (tertiary).
Sol sharp (or La flat),	...	Purpleish Russet (tertiary).
La	...	Cold Greyish Blue (tertiary).
La sharp (or Si flat),	...	Very Warm Russet (tertiary).
Si	...	Cold Yellowish Citrine (tertiary).

Without the aid of colours, it is impossible to describe exactly the

various shades and hues of these tertiaries; but the above table will serve as tolerable guide.

It is principally by the aid of tertiaries that we are enabled to modulate and vary the colouring of our musical pictures.

That all composers of merit have felt (probably unconsciously) the extraordinary analogy existing between scales and colours is apparent in their works. Where nature has been represented, they seldom failed in the truthfulness of their colouring. It is very interesting to observe the various styles of colouring of the great masters; and it is remarkable that the very earliest were mostly attached to the tertiaries—even their dance music of a lively form was composed in the Minor modes. Great simplicity of colouring, as well as of form, is the character of Corelli's music. Händel is simple and majestic. There is great sublimity of colouring in Beethoven. Mozart paid great attention to his colouring, and was equally great in the terrible, the tender, and the sweet. I may here remark that we depend more on colour than form for the terrible. In Gluck and Weber, we find also most glorious colouring; and Haydn has painted most enchanting pictures of nature in his *Creation*. As this work is well adapted for the study of colour, let us now examine it a little in detail.

(To be continued.)

PARIS.—Having entirely recovered from her indisposition, Madame Médori has resumed her *débuts* at the Grand-Opéra. Mdlle. Rosati, also, has made her first appearance, since her return from London, in the ballet of *Le Corsaire*. A new two-act opera, entitled *La Rose de Florence*, by Messrs. Saint-Georges and Billella, is underlined.—Mdle. Pommeraye, who has already been engaged several months, will make her first appearance some time in November.—At the Opéra-Comique, *La Psyché*, by Ambroise Thomas, is in rehearsal; the principal parts will be sustained by Mesdames Ugalde, Lefebvre, and M. Battaille. Mdle. Caroline Duprez van den Heuvel will shortly make her re-appearance in the new opera, *Le Sylphe*, by Messrs. Saint-Georges and Clapiason. This opera was written for the theatre at Baden, where the fair artist sustained the principal part, which she is about to resume in Paris. *Ernani* has been produced at the Théâtre-Italien, a *débütante*, Madame Cattinari, impersonating the heroine with moderate success.—Signor Verdi has appealed against the judgment lately delivered in favour of the manager of the Théâtre-Italien. He states, however, that he will not oppose the performance of *Il Trovatore* during the period which must elapse, before the judgment of the superior court is made known. In consequence of this the aforesaid opera was played on Saturday last.—Sacred music has just sustained a loss by the decease of M. François Xavier Wackenthaler, organist at the parish church of Saint-Nicholas-des-Champs, and professor of the organ at M. Niedermeyer's school. He died on the 11th ult., at the early age of thirty-two. He was the son of M. Wackenthaler, still organist of the Cathedral at Strasburg, and one of his father's best pupils, besides being one of the first organists to accustom Parisian ears to the works of the great German masters. He was the author of several masses, and other compositions for the church.

BERLIN.—On Thursday, the 16th ult., Herr Liebig, the indefatigable *musikdirector*, commenced his *soirées* for classical orchestral music, at the Singacademie. The first piece was Mendelssohn's magnificent overture to *Athalie*, which was followed by a symphony in C major by Haydn. The second part began with Bennett's *Naiads* overture, and concluded with Beethoven's symphony in B major.—A comparatively little-known quartet in A major, by Robert Schumann, was executed at the last Quartett-soirée of Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach.—The Count von Redern, who accompanied Prince Friedrich Wilhelm to the coronation at Moscow, has brought back with him a large number of Russian sacred songs, which are said to date from the earliest period of the Christian era. Krigar's Gesangverein are getting up a performance in memory of Robert Schumann. Among other works of this composer, which are not generally known here, will be the Requiem from *Manfred*, the introduction from the opera of *Genoveva*, and the "Adventlied."

DRESDEN.—Professor Rietschel is at present employed on a large statue of Carl Maria von Weber, which will be erected near the Theatre.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—A new opera, *Das Osterfest*, by Dr. Alois Schmitt, has been successfully produced.

HEIDELBERG.—Mad. Clara Schumann is living here with her children in the greatest privacy.

COLOGNE.—The first Gesellschafts concert for the season took place on the 21st ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand and Hiller. The great feature of the evening was Beethoven's *Sinfonia eroica*. It was admirably performed. The execution also of Mendelssohn's music to the 42nd Psalm was entitled to the highest praise. Madlle. Augusta Brenken sang the soprano part. Herr Riccius, who has been appointed to one of the posts formerly filled by Herren Hartmann and Pixis, who were snatched away from us so soon, played Dr. Spohr's "Gesang-scene," and a "Tarantella," by Schubert. The whole concert went off most brilliantly, and reflected the greatest credit on Herr Ferdinand Hiller, who has done more than anyone else to advance the cause of music in this city.

HOW MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A HIGH PRINCE OF THE CHURCH DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THAT NOBLE FEMALE, MUSIKA, AND HOW THE SAME THING MAY ALSO BE DONE, AT THE PRESENT DAY, BY MANY A LAYMAN.—This letter, faithfully copied from the original, was written by Joseph Clemens, Prince of Bavaria, who occupied, from 1691 to 1723, the Electoral throne at Cologne, which he was obliged to leave, for a time, on account of his blind attachment to France, and flee to Lille. The letter has lately been reprinted in the second volume of Dr. Ennen's *History of the City and Electorate of Cologne*. In style and orthography it is very quaint, but a great part, at least, of this quality is naturally not to be rendered in a translation. The following, however, is a faithful version, as far as the sense is concerned, in modern English:—

"Dear Hof-Cammer-Rath-Ranch.—It seems presumptuous that an ignoramus, who understands nothing of music, should dare to compose. This is my case, for I forward you the eleven motetts and other works which I myself have composed, and that, too, in a wonderful manner, since I neither know the notes, nor understand music in the least. Hence I am compelled to sing to a musical composer whatever comes into my head, and he puts my thoughts on paper. I must, however, possess a good ear and *gusto* [taste] because the public who have heard these works have always applauded them. The method which I have laid down for myself is that which the bees are accustomed to employ. They extract the honey from the most beautiful flowers, and then collect it, and so I have taken all I have composed from good masters, whose music has pleased me. I confess, therefore freely my theft, which others deny, with the intention of claiming as their own what they have taken from others. No one, therefore, has a right to feel angry, when he recognises old airs, since they are beautiful, and I do not rob antiquity of the credit of them. I have, therefore, dedicated this little work to the Church of St. Michael, the Archangel, of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, where my ancestors founded a *seminarium musicale*, in order that this memorial of me may be preserved there for ever, and this because I mostly composed the said music during the persecutions I suffered. I append the reason for my composing each piece:—

"1. *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini*: I made this after having endured the greatest persecution, anno 1706.

"2. *Non nobis Domine*: on account of victories gained.

"3. *Tempus est*: after I had left the two towns of Rüssel" (Lille) "and Valenciennes, in gratitude for having experienced much kindness from the inhabitants of those towns towards myself and those belonging to me.

"4. *Victoria*: after the battle of Belgrade, 1717, against the Turks.

"5. *Per hoc spatium vita*: after debating with myself what career I should embrace; whether I should be a layman or an ecclesiastic.

"6. *Quare fremuerunt gentes*: when I was unjustly and most eagerly persecuted, in spite of myself.

"7. *Quem victis pastores*: at Christmas.

"8. *Pace, domine*: during fasting time.*

"9. *Maria, mater gratie*: in honour of the all-blessed mother of God.

"10 and 11. On the death of my brother-in-law, the Dauphin, and my nephew and his wife, in 1712. I beg the *Kosthaus* to allow these two pieces to be sung after my death as well.

"The 20th July, 1720."

"JOSEPH CLEMENS.

* Qy. Lent?—TRANSLATOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRIANGLE has been anticipated. An analysis was scarcely required. Thanks, notwithstanding.

S. SUNDERLAND.—The communication arrived too late for insertion in this week's number.

MARRIED.

On the 23rd inst., at Stuttgart, by the Rev. Charles v. Grunissen, chaplain to the king, Captain Baron Henry de Hügel, son of the late Lieutenant-General de Hügel, to Adeline, eldest daughter of Jules Benedict, Esq., of Manchester-square.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1856.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—The Herzogliches Hof-Theater at Brunswick is neither so large nor so beautiful a building as its contemporary in Hanover, which ranks deservedly high among the *Sehenswürdigkeiten* of that handsome city, and may be said to hold the same place among the new monuments as the house of Philosopher Leibnitz among the old. The exterior of the Brunswick theatre is anything rather than inviting; but the interior is pretty and cheerful. As at Hanover—and indeed at every town where any of the “*trois douzaines de rois et roitelets*,” upon whom Heinrich Heine is so facetious, deign to hold their residence—an immense division of the *salle* is absorbed by the court box, which stands out, gorgeous and magnificent, with all the obtrusiveness of petty despotism. As these huge enclosures are often unoccupied, and yet always lighted up—in anticipation of the possible approach of Majesty, Grace, or Excellence—they present an appearance of glittering emptiness, unpleasant to contemplate, though not altogether inappropriate as a figure of the absolute worth of unconstitutional and egotistic rule.

The orchestra here (under the direction of Herr Abt, a composer of ballads, and a faint reflex of Herr Proch), though not seemingly as strong and efficient as the one at Hanover, is still very good. M. Berlioz is said to have said of the Brunswick orchestra, in a speech addressed to the Brunswick orchestra, after the performance of the *Damnation* of M. Hector—“This is the best orchestra I ever heard, except one at Weimar, and one at Gotha; but this is better.” In a speech addressed to the orchestra of the New Philharmonic Society in London, after the performance of the *Romeo and Juliet* of M. Berlioz, M. Hector is said to have said about as much of the New Philharmonic orchestra. What I heard at Brunswick, however, was not enough to justify me in endorsing the opinion of the two celebrated French critics; besides, not being a composer, I am unable to reason from the same point of view as those can who compose at great length.

Two operas were given during my short stay, one of which—*Marie, oder Die Regiments-Tochter*—I would as soon have not heard, since Frau Kreysel-Berndt, who played the *Markteidermädchen*, was inferior to Jenny Lind as a singer, to Piccolomini as an actress, to Sophie Cruvelli as a beauty, and to Alboni as all three. The representatives of the other characters were “leather and prunella,” as Pope the poet sang—in rather a clumsy couplet, by the way, for one who hugged himself on the art of polishing preposterously. Much better worth the price of a *Sperritz* (16 *groschen*) was a comic opera in three acts, called *Der Waffenschmied*, the music by the late Lortzing, an Adolphe-Adam

among Teutons, and a Teuton among Adolphe-Adams. The plot is amusing, the music light, fluent, and agreeable. All the parts were well acted, and, for Brunswickers, well sung. Above the rest commend me to Fraulein Stork—a buxom and vivacious *mädchen*, by no means a stork to look upon, but rather a dodo—who impersonated Marie, daughter of Hans Stadinger, the *Waffenschmied* and *Thierarzt*, to admiration. Miss Stork is evidently well seen of the Brunswick public, who applaud her indiscriminately in whatever she does, good, bad, or indifferent; but, as the good predominated in the present instance, there was no room for complaint. *Vive la Stork!*

One of the pleasantest prospects imaginable is offered by the interior of the Brunswick Theatre on a full night. With laudable gallantry the gentlemen of Brunswick resign all the best places in the house to the fair sex; and thus the *Parterre-Loge* and *Erster Rang*, lined by triple batteries of bright eyes and glowing shoulders, present defences more formidable in reality than either Malakoff or the Redan, but which, nevertheless, the allied armies would have stormed with tenfold the swiftness and enthusiasm. Another agreeable feature in this, as in all the German theatres, is that you may go to any part of the house without the bore of dressing, a torture which, it may be well credited, keeps many a *bourgeois* from attending the Italian Operas in London.

Henry Littolf is at Brunswick—the English pianiste and composer, whom we all remember as a boy in London, just about the first starting of that unhappy “Society of British Musicians,” which has so long since (to quote Lord Verulam) “followed at the funerals of its own reputation.” Littolf, who used to be as wild and irregular as he was clever, has settled down into the character of a *bon bourgeois* and *homme de menage*, which he acts with admirable complacency. He has a wife, two adopted children, and a thriving business in the music trade. Having cast off the livery of the *Zukunft*, which, “to oblige Liszt” (not “Benson”) he wore for some years, Littolf has turned sensible, talks of Mozart, scoffs at “New Weimar,” and says that the only new thing in Wagner’s instrumentation was borrowed from Mendelssohn.* It was cheering to meet with somebody (and somebody possessing a right to an opinion) who evidently thought, if he did not say in plain language, that the composer of *Lohengrin* was a madman, and Liszt his poet-laureate. Littolf has composed a great deal—among other things—besides his 4th Symphonic Concerto,† his overtures, *Robespierre* and *Les Girondins*—certain illustrations of Goethe’s *Faust*, for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, conceived on a large and ambitious scale, and upon which he has bestowed the greatest care. Perhaps, one day, some of these things may be heard in London. They at least show that our banished compatriot (who burns with a desire to revisit his native country) has not ceased to court the Muses in his wanderings. About the playing of Littolf I shall say nothing. When heard, it will plead its own cause.

If ever there was a place fitted to inspire a thoughtful traveller with poetical ideas, it is this ancient and irregularly-built city of Henry “the Lion.” Not two streets, and scarcely two houses, are alike. Canaletto could have made a thousand pictures out of it, since there is hardly a brick or a plank visible to the naked eye upon which Time has not

* A certain method of using the violins, which Wagner abuses intolerably.

† To which the pen of M. Fétis has given a European fame.

painted something picturesque. As for the Town-hall—but stop; if I begin I shall fill the *Musical World* with matters non-musical. Let me, however, in conclusion, recommend that no one may henceforward journey from Cologne to Berlin without stopping at least one clear day in Brunswick. Whoever stays one day will stay two—or I give credit to my countrymen for a deeper sense of the beautiful than they merit. S. N.

Magdeburg, Oct. 23.

P.S.—Magdeburg—to use the style of *Morte-Arthure* and the elder Chronicles—"is a fayre citey, well walled and ditched." Viewed from the outside, however, it presents an aspect so inharmonious that even the *Zukunft* (which practices propagandism) would scarcely, it might be imagined, send missionaries there. Magdeburg, nevertheless, possesses an Opera-house, at which, it is calculated, *Lohengrin* may one day be produced. The music of M. Wagner should only be attempted in stoutly fortified places. M. Berlioz achieved a triumph within the walls of this same stronghold of the King of Prussia, when travelling from Brunswick to Leipsic—from the emporium of sausages to the seat of Jesuits, Herr Brendel, and the *Davidbundler*. Not that M. Berlioz composes after the manner of M. Wagner; but the fact is historical. Moreover, the representatives of "string" and "wind," not to name "percussion," in Magdeburg, can remember it to this day. Between Magdeburg and Potsdam are Güsen, Genthin, and Wusterwitz, unmusical towns, where *schinken* and *pumpernickel** may be had, with coffee or beer, as you please; and between Potsdam and Berlin there is Zehlendorf—an unmusical town. Potsdam should be seen by all who admire Voltaire and Frederick the Great, and who think it of consequence to the world that Russia and Prussia (according to the oath sworn in the sepulchre), should be for ever close friends and allies. Besides at Potsdam there is the *Königliche Schauspiele*, a handsome theatre; and lastly, *Sans Souci*, which who has not examined must be *sans souci* for what is worth examination. Then the gardens and the palaces! Assuredly the Majesty of Prussia is not stinted in the matter of princely and magnificent residences.

What can be seen and heard in Berlin during a space of less than three weeks is extraordinary. I have not the time, nor you the space, to devote to a detailed account; but perhaps a few hurried notes (made "on the spur of the moment") may suffice to give your readers some idea of a city where amusement to the inhabitants is a business of the extreme consequence. These you will receive by another post.

Berlin, Oct. 29.

S. N.

* *Vide* the ingenious romances of Mr. Thackeray.

It has seldom happened that, in our capacity of musical critics, we have been called upon to adjudicate in affairs of State, and, rarer still, to exhibit a disposition of hostility to any measures existing, or contemplated by the Government authorities, civil or military. Except by the immediate professors of the art and its most ardent admirers, music, we are justified in arguing, is treated entirely in the light of an amusement—refining and intellectual, it may be, but certainly as an amusement. This applies more particularly to the highest classes. The Queen and Prince Albert resort to the Italian Operas, the Philharmonic, and Exeter-Hall, and the Prince writes cantatas and operatic pieces. Does it, therefore, follow that music is considered as a profound

and comprehensive art, and an abstruse science, either by Her Most Gracious Majesty, or by His Royal Highness? The Duke of Cambridge displays intense admiration at the most striking parts of *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, at the *fioriture* of Madame Bosio and the pathos of Mdle. Piccolomini. Shall we, therefore, infer that the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces is capable of thoroughly appreciating the beauty, the power, and the dignity of music? The Royal Family in England has always enrolled itself among the most liberal supporters of music, and a few of its members deserve to be chronicled among its most munificent patrons. But encouragement is not understanding, nor does liberality imply taste and reverence. As long as a desire was shown and an endeavour was made in the very highest quarters to advance the interests of music, it was our bounden duty to applaud those efforts and intentions, and with our humble means to co-operate in their furtherance to the utmost of our power. Now, however, when we find the constituted powers interfering in that which is altogether foreign to their knowledge and experience, and setting forth as fact that which obviously contradicts itself, we think it high time to step in, to expose an absurdity, and insist on a more strict regard being paid to that fine old ancient, but ever-young, proverb, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

A Circular has been issued from the Horse Guards respecting the Constitution of Regimental Bands. It bears date September 25th, and has been published in the *Gazette* and all the daily journals. The Circular is as follows:—

"Horse Guards, Sept. 25.

"His Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, with a view to relieve regiments from the great expense now consequent upon the necessity of employing professed musicians—civilians—as masters of bands, has it in contemplation to recommend the establishment of a large musical class, as part of the education of boys sent to the Royal Military Asylum, and for the instruction of persons sent from regiments to qualify for bugle-majors, trumpet-majors, and band-masters, and whose training would require especial time and attention.

"No immediate benefit could be expected from the institution of such a class, but it may reasonably be hoped that in a year or two many of the pupils would have acquired sufficient skill to assist in the work of instruction, and that after that period several would be eligible for the situations named—namely, bugle-majors, trumpet-majors, and band-masters.

"A preliminary outlay of £500 or £600 would be necessary for the supply of musical instruments; and it is calculated that £1,000 per annum would be afterwards necessary to maintain the class, including the salary of a director, the necessary professors, copying and arranging music, &c., repair of instruments, and other incidental expenses.

"There are now 112 battalions of infantry and 26 regiments of cavalry, exclusive of Artillery, Sappers, Military Train, and 10 Colonial Corps.

"If every regiment would pay an original subscription of £5 and £8 per annum to the fund ample provision would be made for all expenses.

"It is unnecessary to dilate on the expected advantages of this proposition, but there is every reason to hope that it will result in a great saving of expense to regiments, and tend to the permanent efficiency of regimental bands.

"His Royal Highness requests to be favoured with your opinion on this subject.

"I have, &c.,

"G. J. WETHERALL, Adjutant-General."

Let us consider the circular paragraph by paragraph, and endeavour to show how His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, General Commanding-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces, through his own short-sightedness, or, more likely, the design of others, is altogether mistaken in his views.

First—with regard to the "great expense now consequent upon the necessity of employing professed musicians." The salary of a Band-master varies from £150 to £200 per

annum. The "great expense" here "consequent" does not strike us. If regiments are to have bands at all, they must be kept up in an efficient state. To keep them up in an efficient state, a good practical and theoretical superior is necessary for each. To obtain one so qualified obviously involves a liberal payment. What, let us ask, are the qualifications of the master of a military band? He must play every instrument, wood, brass, and percussion; and must, moreover, possess a thorough knowledge of the properties of each instrument. He must be able to arrange and adapt, and, on some occasions, to compose. He must be endowed with that rarest of all gifts, the capacity of instructing, and bring perseverance, patience, and good-humour to carry it out. And, to conclude, he must be an excellent conductor, or else all the rest goes for nothing. We shall say nothing of his social qualities, although, from his position and responsibilities, we may insist that the manners, deportment, and conversation of a gentleman are absolutely indispensable. And of such materials indeed are constituted the masters of the bands of most of Her Majesty's regiments; and against such men—veritable artists, and hard working musicians—is the extremely unwise protocol from the Horse Guards directed. His Royal Highness "has it in contemplation" to "educate boys sent to the Royal Military Asylum," and "persons sent from regiments" for "bugle-majors, trumpet-majors, and band-masters (Dogberry would have ejaculated, 'put "band-masters" first')." Is not this the old joke over again of educating a boy to be a bishop, general, or prime-minister? To train a boy to be a bugle-major, or trumpet major, is practicable; but to bring up a youth to become an adept in so many accomplishments, and ostensibly to be superior to all his fellows, is as absurd as it is impossible.

"No immediate benefit could be expected from the institution of such a class;" these are the words of the second clause. Certainly not; and herein the circular speaks wisely. What follows, however, is not wise, but the contrary. "It may reasonably be hoped that in a year or two many of the pupils would," &c., &c. A pupil qualified in a year or two for a teacher of many men and many instruments! Was there ever such infatuation—even from the Horse Guards? This clause it would be ridiculous to discuss at length.

The third clause does not display so profound an acquaintance with the rules of arithmetic as, *à priori*, we should have expected from a firman coming from the precincts of the Horse Guards. The expense of "necessary professors"—of course to teach the various instruments to the band—"copying and arranging music," "repair of instruments," "and other incidental expenses," would vastly exceed that of the sum stated, as His Royal Highness will discover should his military musical reformation ever be carried out. As we cannot give the Commander-in-Chief credit for hitting on so idle a speculation as that involved in the circular, nor load his shoulders with so heavy a burthen, we are inclined to think that the idea has sprung from the head of some individual more deeply interested in the subject than the leader of the forces, and almost fancy we espy in the words "the salary of a director" not only the *how*, but *with whom*, the entire grand scheme has originated. As we may have fallen into an error, we shall say no more on this immediate point at present, but keep our eyes open and gather all the information we can. If it be as we suspect, there exists a grievous cause for complaint, and we shall not spare him or them who has or have, in the most secret and reprehensible manner, attempted to raise a feeling of hostility against, and

ultimately to ruin, so estimable and talented a class of artists as the band-masters of Her Majesty's regiments.

The fourth and fifth clauses call for no remark; but the last, as it contains a slur on the band-masters collectively, is not in right royal taste. This again declares to us that His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is not the author, or originator, of the circular. A more princely gentleman does not exist, nor a more rigid supporter of the right than His Royal Highness.

Some other objections we would offer against the circular, but, as we like to adduce testimony in corroboration of our own opinions, we have preferred quoting the following sensible and quiet letter, which appeared in the *United Service Gazette* of the 11th inst., and which touches upon many important points we have left unnoticed:—

MILITARY BANDS.

To the Editor of the United Service Gazette.

SIR,—The circular from the Horse Guards, dated September 25th, respecting military bands, will be doubtless fully discussed in regimental mess rooms, and perhaps you will kindly find space for these few remarks on a subject I am pretty well acquainted with. His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, in this, as other matters, no doubt has the good of the Service at heart; but most certainly the Duke has been misinformed, and is not aware of the position of a band-master in the musical profession. The object of the institution proposed is to train band-masters, bugle-majors, and trumpet-majors, and to save regiments the expense of professed musician civilians, &c. At present a regiment may engage an Englishman or a foreigner educated at the first musical institutions in Germany or elsewhere, at a salary ranging from 10s. 6d. to 12s. per diem. It is now proposed that officers should pay for the instruction of such men themselves, an expense they have at present nothing to do with—Why do we not pay for the education of our lawyers, doctors, &c.? The cases are similar. We will suppose for a moment that bandmasters could be well trained at such an institution (which I contend is impossible in this country, even were the leading theoretical professors and performers on various instruments engaged as instructors, which could only be at a great expense), is it to be supposed that such men, when sent to regiments, would be content with a smaller salary than paid at present to band-masters; most certainly not. Under such circumstances, competent bandmasters would soon purchase their discharge, presuming them to be borne on the strength of the army under the new regulations, for in civil life intelligent band-masters can always, as professors and performers in orchestras, &c., obtain quite as good a living as in the army. When you train a soldier you train him for the army alone, and can, therefore, fix his pay, but it is quite different with musicians who find employment in civil as well as military life. There are plenty of first-rate men to be had on moderate terms, and when regiments do not have a good band-master it is their own fault. Some colonels still have a predilection for old band-sergeants, with no style or theoretical knowledge of music. In fact, these are the men only that such an institution could turn out.

It is true our military bands can never become what they should be as long as the officers alone have to defray all the expenses, and the musicians are treated as ordinary privates. Let the Government give every regiment one hundred pounds per annum as extra pay for the bandmen, or towards the salary of the bandmaster, to enable the officer to give the men extra pay; and let the musicians be treated as musicians, and not ordinary private soldiers, and I will guarantee our bands will soon be everything that can be wished. There is no inducement at present to a bandsman to take any pride in his profession—he blows his instrument mechanically as he would shoulder his musket, as the pay is equal, and considers his duty done. A school for the education of boys as musicians might be useful, but this is, in reality, the band-master's duty, and none of them have any desire to shirk it. Such a school would therefore be an unnecessary and a useless expense.

MUSICUS.

If the threatened change be carried into effect, we shall be much surprised, since we cannot believe that the officers of the British army would countenance an act which would at once declare the incompetence of their band-masters, prove the error of their own choice, and involve a serious outlay of money dependent on future contingencies. As the circular is

addressed to the officers of the different regiments, we leave its further consideration in their hands, satisfied they will not desert their band-masters at a pinch.

THE air, "Di tanti palpiti," if we may believe certain *illuminati*, is not Rossini's. Listen to the *illuminati*:—

"This melody, popular in the two worlds, is generally attributed to Rossini; but the mandarins of music know very well that 'Di tanti palpiti' does not belong to the *maestro*, who is rich enough not to wish to claim the property of another."

Whose, then, is the ravishing tune? Our readers will be surprised to learn that it is by an utterly unknown composer—one Burroni. Hear the *illuminati* (abridged):—

"Towards the middle of the last century lived, at Florence, a composer named Burroni, who in his day enjoyed a certain celebrity. After some years of success he became stone-deaf. The faculty of medicine could do nothing for him; so he undertook a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Lorette, then greatly renowned for miracles. The *santa madonna*, not deaf to the prayers of the deaf composer, miraculously cured him of his deafness. In return for so polite a favour, Burroni wrote the air which long after became celebrated in the opera of *Tancredi*. The melody was executed for the first time on the 15th of August, 1736, in chorus, under the title of *Litanie della Santa Casa*. Every year, on the fête-day of the patron-saint, these *litanies* were performed. Even so late as Rossini's younger days these *litanies* were still sung; and happening to pass by Notre Dame de Lorette, the future composer of *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*—being (as usual) in great want of a tune—seized them and interpolated them in his *Tancredi*!"

£500 reward—for a clearer interpretation of the above legend than is contained within itself, or at least can be gathered from the forehead of it.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE combined attraction of Mdlle. Piccolomini and the *Traviata*, on Saturday evening, filled the theatre with one of the densest audiences ever witnessed in the old opera-house. Long before the doors were opened, the pit and box entrances in Charles-street and the Haymarket were besieged by anxious and not over-polite multitudes. In the Haymarket, the external crowd, not having space beneath the colonnade, were forced into the street, and few of them, it may be presumed, found access to the theatre. The rush, upon the opening of the doors, was fearful, but good service was rendered by the police, a strong party of whom was present, and, who aided by the strong barriers erected along the passages, kept back the most refractory. It is estimated that not less than five hundred persons were turned away from the pit and gallery. Every box was taken—every stall was occupied—and the eye looked round in vain for an empty seat. What will the omniscient critic of the *Athenæum* say to this—he who so pompously prophesied that Mdlle. Piccolomini's renown was based on sand and would not stand—a saying which, if said, involved more rhyme than reason? It is to be hoped that the self-constituted musical Aristarchus of the press was present at the theatre on Saturday night, for even he must have acknowledged—at least, have felt—that the young countess was greatly improved in her singing, that her voice had gained power, and that her time had not been wasted in the provinces. For our own parts we liked Mdlle. Piccolomini better than ever, and discovered many beauties in her *Violetta* which escaped us on former occasions. The audience—although by no means an operatic audience—were enchanted, and applauded the *prima donna* vociferously, recalled her uproariously and repeatedly, and covered her with bouquets, wreaths, and laurels ultimately and gloriously.

Signor Belletti appeared as Alfredo's father, and was a vast improvement on Signor Beneventano, and Mr. Charles Braham sang the music of Alfredo in a very efficient manner.

Mdlle. Piccolomini and suite left London for Paris on Monday. The fair artist will not, as was originally intended, make her *début* at the Italiens on the 6th instant. Her first appearance before a Parisian public is postponed some days later.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

MR. E. T. SMITH, more enterprising than ever, and desirous, perhaps, to make the public some amends for his recent English operatic exhibitions, engaged Mr. Beale's grand autumnal provincial perambulating reciting company, and devoted the current week to a series of six performances of Italian Opera. The names of Grisi and Mario were alone likely to fire curiosity to the utmost, but backed by sterling names like that of Madame Gassier, Herr Formes, M. Gassier, Signor Rovere, and some lesser satellites, the attractive force was superabundant. That Drury Lane was not large enough for the occasion may be readily surmised, more especially since the manager, with an oblique eye to greater popularity, disdained to raise the prices—an act which, we think, is open to argumentation.

The six performances were inaugurated on Monday night with *Norma*, in which Grisi completely overwhelmed the audience with her power and magnificence. Herr Formes was grand and imposing as Oroveso, and Signor Lorini only wanted strength and vigour to render his Pollio delectable. Mdlle. Sedlatzek always pleases in Adalgisa, and pleased more than ever on Monday night.

On Tuesday, Mario came out in his great part, Count Almaviva in the *Barbiere*, and was assisted by Mdlle. Gassier as Rosina, M. Gassier as Figaro, Signor Rovere as Doctor Bartolo, and Herr Formes as Don Basilio. The performance was irresistible, the great tenor being in his most luminous vein.

Lucrezia Borgia, on Wednesday, brought Mario and Grisi together. The *Somnambula*, on Thursday, was supported by Mdlle. Gassier (Amina), M. Gassier (Count Rudolph), and Sig. Lorini (Elvino); and was followed by the Incantation Scene from *Der Freischütz*, with Herr Formes in his celebrated part—Caspar. Last night, the first act of *Norma* was given, with the *Barbiere*, without Mario.

The series will conclude to-night with the *Trovatore*, for which Sig. Graziani has been expressly engaged to play his original part of the Conte Luna.

Drury Lane has been "cramped to suffocation" every night, and Mr. E. T. Smith has reaped the benefit of his spirit and enterprise.

MR. BENEDICT, after a sojourn for some time in Germany, will return to town for the season in a few days.

MADAME ANGEL, the well known contralto singer, has arrived in Paris from Madrid, and embarks this week for New York.

MARRIED OR NOT MARRIED.—A letter from Königsberg assures us that there is no truth in the widely-circulated report that Mdlle. Joanna Wagner had been married to a M. Tochman, of that town.

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—On Wednesday last the *Soirée Musicale* was well attended. The programme commenced with Beethoven's Grand Quartet in E flat, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, which Herr A. Gollmick performed in conjunction with Messrs. Pollitzer, Goffrie, and Hancock. Miss Grace Alleyne sang "Tacea la Notte" with great effect. M. Schmelzer, who has an agreeable voice, sang twice, and was encored in "Non piu andrai." Herr Pollitzer's violin performance of an Adagio and Rondo by De Beriot was loudly applauded. Herr A. Gollmick also played two morceaux—"Pensée" and "Fairy Dell"—of his own composition, and had to repeat the latter. Herr Lehmeier, the pianist, performed, with Messrs. Pollitzer, Goffrie, Hancock, and Russell, Hummel's celebrated Quintet. This was admirably executed. Miss Mary Huddart sang two arias. She promises well, and has a good voice. Mr. Hancock performed a fantasia, by Kummer, on airs from *Robert*, on the violoncello, in good style, and with great purity of tone. A duo for piano and viola, by Weber, performed by MM. Lehmeier and Goffrie in a most spirited manner, concluded the evening's entertainment. The next *Soirée* is announced for Wednesday Nov. 12.

LIVERPOOL.—The Grisi-Gassier troupe give an "opera recital" night at St. George's Hall, on Tuesday next, the 4th instant. Mr. Best's Saturday afternoon organ performances, which have been suspended during the sessions, recommence at St. George's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon, when the programme will consist entirely of first class organ compositions.

"YORK MUSICAL FESTIVAL."

(From a Correspondent.)

Oct. 22nd.—If ever there was a misnomer, the above is one. Has a series of miscellaneous concerts any claim upon the term "Musical Festival," especially as they are not organised in first-rate style, nor supported by first-rate talent? Messrs. Cooper, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, hold a high position, but what of the rest? Miss Milner is full of promise, and Mr. Weiss has a fine voice, but the public expect to hear more renowned singers at festivals.

Last night was a proof of what the public thought of the would-be "York Musical Festival." But few attended, and those few were by no means satisfied. If the artists first spoken of had been engaged, and had Mr. Costa conducted, as was first announced, the performances would have proved gratifying and remunerative; as things are, it is to be regretted they have taken place at all. In short, this so-called "York Musical Festival" is a great mistake, and the "directors" have brought discredit on the city by inviting the public to support such a burlesque.

Amidst church-bells ringing at eight o'clock, last night, the vocalists, instrumentalists, and "director" (Mr. Hunt) made their appearance in the orchestra, where stood a huge quadrilateral figure, which turned out to be a large, white box of "whistles," as the Scotchmen irreverently call organ-pipes. It so happened the organ was frightfully out of tune, and a general desire pervaded the assembly for its transportation to some more congenial spot. The National Anthem having been sung, the *Creation* was commenced. The representation of chaos was performed fairly, but the chorus which follows was taken out of time, and sung villanously out of tune. Not a single chorus in the oratorio was even fairly done. A handful of choristers brought together from all parts, without practice, or even a rehearsal, are not likely to go well together, however good. Mr. Lockey sung all the tenor songs most satisfactorily, and secured an encore in the song "In native worth." Miss Milner sang "With verdure clad" admirably, and was much applauded throughout. Mr. Cooper sustained his reputation, and was much praised by those who are able to admire a real master of his instrument. The rest of the talent was local, that is, the solo talent. The "Festival Concert Room" was between half and two-thirds filled.

Oct. 23rd.—To-day the house was well filled, it being for the benefit of the Hospital.

Oct. 24th.—The *Messiah* yesterday went better than the *Creation* the night before. The chorus was better acquainted with the music, and the solo vocalists seemed to take more pains.

Mr. Costa's *Eli* was given this evening. Had the composer heard his oratorio performed as it was on this occasion, most certainly he would have concluded his work is not *copy-right*. There perhaps never was a "Festival" at which works of so high a class were so badly done. Country parish-choirs would have sung the choruses better than they were at the "York Musical Festival." The splendid new organ built for the occasion was a failure *in toto*. It was found to be half a tone flat the evening before the "Festival" begun. Apart from its flatness, it is a poor instrument, its tone is poor, its power is poor, and, in fact, it is a thing unworthy of a "Festival." The first *Andante* of the Overture was performed by Mr. Shaw, on the organ. The orchestra took up the next movement, and, owing to Mr. Cooper's occasional rap on his desk, it went fairly. Mr. Weiss gave the recitative, "Blow up," etc., which leads to the chorus "Let us pray," and although it is marked *piano* at the beginning, it suddenly grew into *forte*. The next chorus was woefully out of tune. More recitative, then came the chorus "Blessed be the Lord," taken up in a most careless manner.

Mr. Cooper gave sundry hints to the "director," to reclaim the noisy choristers, but all was to little purpose, for, like the apple-man's donkey, they had a way of their own. A young man, apparently very sensitive, and unfit to appear before a large audience, took the part of the Man of God, but, owing to

his nervousness, he evidently was not conscious of what he had to perform; and, consequently, was a sorry failure. A Mr. Lambert, one of the chorus-singers at the York Minster, officiated as the other solo-basso. One of the local papers says of this singer—"Mr. Lambert is not a pleasing singer, although with plenty of voice."

Of the financial part of the business nothing has transpired; but it is expected this part, at least, will be found satisfactory, and that the promoters of this "Festival" will leave such undertakings in future to more able and experienced individuals.

STROUD.—(From a Correspondent.)—The first performance of Mr. Capes's oratorio *Moses*, by the Stroud Philharmonic Society, on Thursday last, brought together one of the largest audiences ever attracted by a concert in Stroud, including many visitors from Gloucester and Cheltenham. The success was complete, and the performance, on the whole, satisfactory. The chorus in particular was very efficient, and, considering that it consisted almost exclusively of amateurs, deserves high praise. It was scarcely, if at all, inferior to the chorus at the late Gloucester Festival, and the soprani were, in my opinion, superior both in quality of tone and precision of attack. The music, also, is of a kind to test the powers of a chorus, from the frequent recurrence of the points of imitation with which the oratorio abounds and the rapidity with which many of the passages are required to be taken. I should add, also, that there is a rhythm pervading many of Mr. Capes's phrases which, though easy enough when once studied, is difficult to persons unacquainted with the character of his melodies. The audience listened with the closest attention, even to the most complicated choral pieces, which have generally least attraction for a miscellaneous audience. The orchestra consisted chiefly of amateurs, and played as well in time and tune as could have been expected from a provincial society. The principal singers were—soprano, Mrs. Powell; contralto, Mrs. Paget; tenor, Mr. Hunt; and bassi, Mr. Paget and Mr. Wheeler.

[Here follows a long and elaborate criticism of the oratorio, which we have not room to insert, but may briefly state that our correspondent is greatly pleased with *Moses*, which he pronounces to be "a valuable and original addition to our stock of standard oratorios." This indeed is high praise, which we hope may prove true.—Ed. M. W.]

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Our Philharmonic Society give a concert on the 29th inst., for which they have engaged Miss Stabbach, M. Sinton, Signor Piatti, and M. Hallé. They are also in treaty with Herr Formes. Miss Arabella Goddard is expected to play at the succeeding concert, and the *Messiah* will be given at the last one of the season in December.—An opera recital was given at St. George's Hall on Tuesday, and Miss P. Horton appeared at the Assembly Rooms the same evening.—At our Town Council meeting on Wednesday, Mr. Alderman Parker mentioned that, from October last year, to October this year, the receipts of, and attendance at the St. George's Hall organ performances were as follows:—Gross receipts (78 performances at 6d. and 20 at 3d.) £1,900 16s. 3d.; deduct expenses of printing, etc., £512 2s. 3d.; paid to the treasurer, as nett proceeds, £1,388 14s. The average attendance at the 6d. concerts was 850, and at the 3d. concerts, 1,320; total at the performances during the year, 92,700.

LLEDS.—The second of the series of grand concerts, under the direction of Mr. Spark, took place in the Music Hall on Monday evening. The programme combined a judicious selection, chiefly from English composers, with a duet from *La Traviata*, Verdi's "Ah, forse lui," and Molique's "When the moon;" and, for the pianoforte, Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith;" the primo parts of the first two movements of Mozart's grand sonata in F; and a fantasia by Thalberg, on airs from *Don Giovanni*. The first part commenced with Leslie's trio "Memory," and was succeeded by Mori's "The Vivandière," remarkably well given by Madame Enderssohn. In the second part the same lady sang "Ah, forse lui," and was warmly applauded. She possesses a clear soprano voice, and sings with excellent taste. Miss Huddart made her first appearance. She sang "The summer bloom," and Balfe's "The reaper and the flowers." Mr. Sims

Reeves was in excellent voice, was evidently anxious to please, and the selections afforded him an opportunity of displaying the magnificent qualities of his voice in an eminent degree. He sang "When the moon," Balfe's song "This is the place," and the serenade "Good night," with admirable taste and effect. The last was vociferously *bisped*. Mr. Balfe sang two of his own songs, and was also heartily encored. The performances of Miss Arabella Goddard, which are remarkable for refinement and expression, no less than for power and brilliancy of execution, afforded the audience a rich feast, and they expressed their approbation in a most enthusiastic manner. In Mozart's sonata she was assisted by Mr. Spark. Of Mr. Case we need only observe that he performed on the concertina with the skill and taste of a master.—*Leeds Intelligence*, Oct. 29.

LOUTH.—Mr. C. F. Willey's Annual Concert, at the Town Hall, took place on Thursday, the 23rd ult., and was attended by upwards of 1,200 people, amongst whom were all the aristocracy of the town and surrounding neighbourhood. The artists were Mrs. Enderssohn, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Balfe, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Mr. George Case. Miss Huddart was encored in the ballad, "The Summer-bloom;" Mr. Geo. Case, in both his concertina solos; Mr. Sims Reeves, in "Good night, beloved," and "Bonnie Jean;" Miss Arabella Goddard in her solo, "Fairy Fingers;" and Mr. Balfe in one of his own songs, "The happiest land." Altogether, the concert was an eminent success, and drew together by far the largest audience ever assembled at a concert in the county.

A CURIOUS CONCERT BILL.

THE following *naïve* document of the 30th August, 1763, has been lately reproduced in a Frankfort paper:—

"The universal admiration which the skill, surpassing anything ever yet seen or heard, of the two children of Leopold Mozart, *capellmeister* of his Highness the Prince of Salzburg, has excited in the mind of every auditor, has already necessitated three repetitions of the concert, which will be given only once more. Yes, this universal admiration and the solicitations of various first-rate connoisseurs and amateurs are the cause that this evening, the 30th August, in the *Scharfscher Saal*, on the *Liebfrauenberg*, at six o'clock in the evening, positively the last concert will take place; the little girl, who is in her twelfth year, and the boy (Wolfgang Amadeus), who is in his seventh, will not only play *concertos* on the *clavessin* or *Flügel*, the girl, too, performing the most difficult pieces of the greatest masters, but the boy will execute, also, a concerto on the violin, accompany on the piano in symphonies, and, completely covering the notes or keys of the piano with a cloth, play on the cloth as well as if he had the piano before his eyes; he will, also, most accurately name, from a distance, all notes which it is possible to strike, either singly or in chords, on the piano, or any other imaginable instrument, either bells, glasses, or clocks. Lastly, he will extemporize, out of his own head, not only upon a grand piano, but on an organ as long as people like to listen, and in all, even the most difficult keys which can be proposed, in order to prove that he understands also the art of playing on the organ, which is totally different from the art of playing on the grand piano. Each person pays a thaler. Tickets may be had at the Golden Lion."

A MALE PICCOLOMINI.—The American papers have the following romantic story about the new tenor, Tiberini:—"Young Tiberini is said to be a Roman of pure noble birth and blood, and closely and intimately connected with a princely family, who trace their ancestry up to the days of the despot, Tiberius, whose name is included in the list of those of the family who wore the imperial purple, or swayed the destinies of the mighty empire from the popular and elective tribune. Although no crowns are at their disposal now, the pride of a long line of rulers still clings to the heads of the T. family. Tiberini, the tenor, possessed of a beautiful voice, great musical enthusiasm, and fine personal appearance, and chafing under the disqualifications and restrictions which condemn to the church or the army all the cadets of noble families in the Old World, determined to carve out for himself a fame and fortune and add another honour to a name that history has recorded in her storied pages. To carry out the determination, and after secret but ardent study, he appeared under an assumed name in a distant city. His secret was, however, discovered, and the

alternative was presented to him either to retire for ever from the profession of a singer, or be disowned and abandoned by all who bear his name. His choice was made at once; he would follow the art to which his aspirations led him, even at the sacrifice of name and prospective fortune. The bitterest trial that fell to his lot was the compulsory separation from his affianced one, who of birth equal to his own, and returning his love with equal ardor, was forced by her friends to retire to a convent to avoid collision with a mere singer. Every difficulty was thrown in the way of his success in Italy; every obstacle that could be raised through the agency of wealth or family connection rose up against him, and despairing alike of his art and his love, he fled, hoping to find in another land a fair chance for the display of such talent as he might possess, and to meet in the approbation and sympathy of strangers a balm for that grief which words may indicate but cannot express."

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